TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 21.

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TISING IF UPON A PROPER TEST

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT

NOW OPEN THE PARK!

The Corporation Counsel finds that there i nothing in the deed of Stuyvesant Park to prevent its being thrown open to the public until 10 o'clock in the evening. THE EVEN-ING WORLD'S position as to the legal point raised by the opponents of the opening is thus decided to be correct by the law advisor

We now request the Park Department to act without any further delay on the petition of the people which asks not a boon only, but injured and the building was set on fire. a clear, unmistakable right. If there is nothing in the deed which gave Stuyvesant Square to the city as a Public Park to compel its closing at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, then the object of the donor is defeated by locking and doubled his fortune again. Finally, he acquired the gates during the only hours the people can use and enjoy it as a Public Park.

Come now, Mr. Commissioners, throv open the park gates at once to the men, women and children who have a right to enjoy the benevolent donor's gift and who can only do so after the toil of the day is over.

UP IN A BALLOON.

The murder is out. Mayor Hewitt's let ters to Gov. HILL, which have been represented as such terribly damaging missives by the enemies of the Governor, are found to be very courteous, creditable communications, strongly urging a desirable reform and quite complimentary to the Chief Executive.

Mr. Hewitt frankly condemns the passage of the Aqueduct Commission bill of 1886 by Legislature on a corrupt bargain and its approval by the Governor against the wishes of its originality. Nearly all the characters proved the municipal authorities. But in his first to be old friends with new faces; most of the inciletter he expresses confidence in the Governor's desire to do right by the city, and in his second letter compliments him as the cal material. They have judiclously "peoped" in, " first Governor who has planted himself squarely on the right ground" in vindication of "home rule."

Will the journals which have misrepresented the character of the Mayor's communications correct their mis-statements? Probably not. Election time is not an auspicious season for fair play.

THE DAYLIGHT MURDER.

It seems incredible that a murder could be committed in such a crowded thoroughfare as Park row near the entrance to the Brook. lyn Bridge at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the murderer not only escape capture but vanish "into thin air" without any person having even caught a glimpse of his person. Yet such a tragedy was enacted yesterday, and no one seems to have seen the shooting, although many were within hearing of the report of the pistol.

This is a mystery worth the best energies of Chief Inspector BYRNES to unravel. It would be a serious reflection on the police of the city if such a bold crime should go undetected. No one can feel safe if a man may be shot down in one of our most crowded thoroughfares in the busy hours of the afternoon and left dead on the sidewalk while his assassin walks coolly away and escapes arrest. We have no doubt whatever that the murderer will be discovered by our now unexcelled detective police force. But it is to be will be promptly made and the crime punished while its enormity is still fresh in the

The execution at the Tombs this morning was well conducted and free from any sensational incidents. An effort had been made to oughly vicious and deserved the fate that overtook him. He was a burglar and thief, as well as an assassin, and the crime for which he suffered was premeditated and cowardly. Everybody is touched by the sorrow and sufferings of his mother and the rest of his family, who loved him in spite of his

minds of the people.

crimes. But DANIEL LYONS was a thoroughly | A VIEW FROM THE BENCH. had young man and the community is well rid of him.

Master Workman PowperLy described the condition of the miners in different parts of the country before the Ford Investigating Committee vesterday. Perhaps Mr. BLAINE would do well to take a coaching trip through our mining districts before he delivers his speeches on the degradation and sufferings of European labor. When Mr. VOL. 29.....NO. 9,863 BLAINE finds men who live, as Mr. Powderly describes, under a protective tariff, and who are half starved in the service of the coal barons and iron kings on 90 cents a day, he may conclude that our own laborers are not much better off than those in European countries.

WORLDLINGS.

The old Confederate cruiser Shenandoah, Waddell's privateer, is being fitted up at San Francisco for service in the coal-carrying trade on the Pacific

The wealthiest man in St. Louis is John T. Davis, dry-goods merchant. He has a fortune of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, the foundation of which was laid by his father.

In digging a well on his farm at Bismarck, Dak. . J. Lamb found, at the depth of thirty-six feet, the petrified tusk of a mastodon which measured over thirteen feet in length.

The veteran engineer of the Adirondack Railros is Jacob Myers, who has been in the company's service for twenty-five years. It is forty years since he was first put in charge of a locomotive, and in all that time he has never had an accident.

Robert Montgomery, who was recently adjudged insane in Washington, imagined that he had just returned from a trip to the planet Venus, where he established telephonic communication with the earth. While on his trip he saw Clay, Colhoun,

The great white marble palace which Wilbur F. Storey, of Chicago, built, and which is one of the features of that city. Is again offered for sale. Although still unfinished, more than \$600,000 has been spent on it, walle it is doubtful if one-quarter of that amount will be offered by a purchaser.

W. J. Johnston, the owner of the Electrica. World, was a telegraph operator a dozen years ago. He started a small monthly paper devoted to telegraphy and called the Operator. It grew rapidly and finally became the Electrical World, yielding its owner an annual income of \$50,000.

Gov. Luce, of Michigan, is the first executive the State has had who has lived within his official salary, which is but \$1,000 a year. He is said to be a piain and somewhat uncouth man, but his simple dignity and sensible views command the recontact.

A porter in a Cincinnati whiskey house went into a room where some emrty casks were stored, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. Knocking the bung out of one of the barrels he stooped over to examine it, when a terrific report was heard, and he was havied across the room. He was badly

Commodore Vanderbilt made his great fortune of \$120,000,000 after he reached the age of mxtyfive. At that age he was worth \$15,000,000, and by the purchase of the Harlem road his wealth was doubled. Then he bought the Hudson River road the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and his Western properties, and for a third time his estate was doubled.

"LORD CHUMLEY."

It is so nice and refreshing to find a play which can be spoken of in an costasy of adjectival gush-fulness that I feel inclined to toy with it and gloss over it, like a cat does over a newly caught mouse, before I begin to discuss its merits. Strict consideration for the feelings of others, however, prompts me to restrain myself. At the Lyceum Theatre last night Manager Frob

man produced a new play by Belasco and De Mille. tailor-made play, out and measured for E. H. Sothern, and called " Lord Chumley." At the end of the first act the play had made an undentable success; when it was brought to a close there wa the loud applause, the unmistakable puzz of an proval, and all the other well-known manifestations of satisfaction that a manager loves to see and hear, and in which people delight to indulge because they are not allowed the luxury too giten. dents were common stage property. But Be ascr and De Mille, consummate artists, have not cast indiscriminate hands into the great bag of theatr selected that which would suit Mr. Sothern, his company, the Lyceum Theatre and the present ime. Out of this they have constructed one of those stories which must please. You can say it is trite if you like; you can assert that it is conventional if you choose; you can proclaim the fact that it reminds you of this and that if you care to do so. But don't dare to tell me that you have not enjoyed it, because I should hate to call you rude

Lord Chumley-born Cholmondeley-is a voung nobleman who conveys the impression that he is not " all there "-to use a popular phrase. He has an exasperating laugh, a provoking propensity for saying the wrong thing, and a vapid smile. In fact, he is one of those people for whom the polite query, "Would you sooner be a greater fool than you are, or look a greater fool than you are ?"

seems to have been designed.

Lord Chumley's warmest friend, Lieut, Hugh Butterworth, "of the Ninety-first," gets into trouble and falls into the ciutches of a blackmailer, casper Le Sage. In order to save his friend, Chumley puts himself in a false position, and allows Butterworth's stater, Eleanor, whom he loves, to believe that he is an imposior. In the end he 'folis' the viliain in a most decided manner and wins Eleanor. He does a great many interesting things before this happy result is reached. He becomes involved in a love affair with Lady Adeline Barker, "forty, fair and fat;" he is reduced to poverty and lives in a cheap lodging-house; he has a scene with a bargiar whom he detects in the plundering act, and a tussle with the stoker of the " Midnight

Fiyer." Lord Chumley was always on hand; he was the life and soul of the play, and his presence on the stage was delignifully welcome. E. H. Sothern added to his reputation by his admirable impersonation of this acceptable role. And not only in the lighter vein was Mr. Sothern successful. The hoped that the arrest of the bold assassin made very apparent by the young actor, who de-

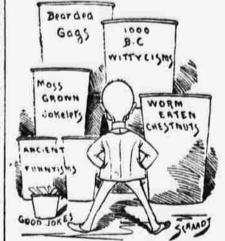
served every bit of the applause he received. Miss Fanny Addison was fairly amusing as Adeline Barker. The raie is old and stagey, but Miss Addison invested it with as much novelty as possible. Herbert Archer made an admirable villain, and his French dialect could not have been better. He was applauded instead of hissed-a nice tribute to a villain.

Miss Belie Archer was rather weak dramatically, excite some sympathy for the condemned but she looked charming, a fact which is not to be part of a sort of galvanized Tilly Slowboy, it slightly. C. B. Bishop was one of those Englishmen that are rarely to be met off the stage, and are secoming extremely wearisome there. Frank Carlyle was Lieut. Hugh Butterworth, just a trifle too self-conscious and not quite energetic enough

In "Lord Chumley" the Lyceum Theatre has a

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THE JUDGE LOOKS OVER THE BIG BAS-KETS OF MORNING MAIL.



Trouble in the Court of St. James. [SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.]

onnon, Aug. 21.—It is rumored that when the Queen commanded the Poet Laurente to the Queen commanded the Poet Laureate to versity on the subject of the great lograft he declined, saying that he never was a mathematician, and so was sure he could do nothing with logarithms. The Empress is in a royal rage, and threatens to apply to Walt Whitman to supply the deficiency. N. B.—God saye the Queen.

LATER.—Her Royal Highness has just discovered that Alfred was joking. Great joy

covered that Alfred was joking. Great joy and reconciliation in the balace. Vic is just setting up chewing gum for the entire court, John H. Green, Providence, R. I.

A Woman's Way Mr. Lighthead—What a pretty set of teeth Miss Green has. Miss Olive—Yes, they are pretty, but they are so troublesome putting them in and tak-them out.

A Serious Jeker.

A Serious Joker.

To the Joke Editor of The Evening World:

It is said that to be taken at his word was, to Charles Lamb (Elm), the most amusing of all absurdities. Now, it is altogether different with me. I hate jokes, they puzzle me so. The one that has caused me most worry is, "The wind blew through his whiskers." Whose? That's the question. This one says Gallagher's; that one says it blew through the whiskers of the man "who struck Billy Patterson," and t'other fellow says the whiskers of "the man who robbed Muldoon" were the victims. Not knowing which to believe, I believe neither and rely on you, sir, to give me the correct answer. on you, sir, to give me the correct answer. I also wish to know on what kind of soil and at what season of the year ought a man to so forth, &c., to have a good crop.

J. O'Connon, 1932 Third avenue.

From St. Mark's Place.

I'll attempt an original joke, And I'm sure I can say, without blowing, That the very attempt in itself constitutes The funniest joke agoing.

Little Johnny one day surprised his father with: "Pa, I love grandma and I want to marry

You silly boy, that would be impossible.'

" Why, pa?"
"Because because she is my mother."
"Well, pa, didn't you marry my mother?"

Pa collap JOSEPH W. LERMAN, 11 St. Mark's place.

Johnnie's Supper.

Johnnie (after eating his supper and not feeling well)—I had four kinds of cake for feeling well)—I had tour kinds of supper—sponge cake, pound cake, stomach cake an back cake. Aason Blums, 127 Norfolk street.

Two Conundrums.

Why is a man placing an "ad." in The Evening World following James G. Blaine's advice? Aus.—Because he is "putting it where it will do the most good."

Why is the money which THE EVENING WORLD offers the best amateur joker like that journal itself? Ans.—Because it is a "prize." W. H. C., 247 West Fifty-third street.

" For Sale."

A Brooklynite who advertised a horse for sale last week noted down the objections of all who called to look at the animal, and some

Too small."

Too old.

Not old enough."
Too lively."
Rather too sleepy." Object to the white hind feet."
Would take her if she had more white

Don't like her color." Color is just right, but she is too fat." Weighs too much."

Has a bad eve."
Eyes all right, but ears too small." Yes, handsome cars, but the nose spoils

her."
"Legs all stocked up."
"Legs all right, but feet bad."
If Shakespeare had said that no man knew what he wanted in a horse, there would be N. R. one to dispute it.

N. R.

Luqueer street, Froeklyn, N. Y., Aug. 18.

No Joke About This. The best revolver- THE EVENING WORLD, because it goes all around.
HABRY MAYER, 307 East Seventieth street.

The Black List.

Mr. William A. Henry. of 300 Berry street, Brooklyn, who sent in the joke headed "Drunk, by jingo," is in no immediate dan-ger of securing the prize. He might have had a chance in a previous generation. We are sorry. William, but we have to administer these liftly rebuild recessionally. are sorry. William, but we have these little rebuffs occasionally.

A Morning Call.



Tubbley (bashfully, and removing his hat spas modically)-Is Miss Tremmer in 7 Maid—She is, but she's engaged.
Tubbler (who settled things last night)—I know
t—I'm the young man.

A Pointed Question. A little boy who was hungry, one night recently, just at bedtime, but didn't wish to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the HELL'S KITCHEN VISITED.

'The Evening World" Physician Finds Very Neat Tenement There.

THE EVENING WORLD physician yesterday found the demand for tickets for the baby excursion still growing, and a large number was given to the mothers of his little patients as he visited them.

That the people heartily appreciate the summer mission of The Evening World to the sick babies is evidenced every day.

The mails keep bringing, day after day, special requests for the physician from some special requests for the physician from some part of the city. Yesterday a two-year-old child on Thirty-ninth street, near Ten'h avenue, was visited at the request of its mother. This little fellow has been sick a good part of the summer, but, owing to the fact that the father has been out of employment for some time, he has not been able to have a physician for the boy.

The parents are French and this little chap, though but the reserved and a two-years.

though but two years old, can prattle in French and English both. Everything about the apartment was extremely clean. The house, by the way, is "Hell's Kitchen." This information was imparted to the phy-sician by the mother hersoif. Certainly the condition of the apartments in question does not justify the hard descriptions of this place that have often been published. A place much more deserving of the atten-tion of the Board of Health is 101 Greenwich

street, which was also visited yesterday. Here is an old rear building—a veritable rookery—occupied by about a dozen families. It is reached by going through the front building. It is entirely surrounded by bigh buildings, and the only means of in-gress and egress is by the building in front. Not a breath of air can reach this death-trap. It is suffocatingly not; the air is tull of four odors from the sewer and closets, and, in the event of a big fire, the people would be effectually shut in without any chance whatever of escape.

To every baby and young child and the

To every baby and young child and the mothers in this house who could find the time to go a ticket was given for The World excursion, that they might breathe the free, pure air for once at least in the season.

To The Evening Womld representatives it was horrible to stay in this atmosphere ten minutes. How can the poor children and their parents live in it week in and week out? But how can they help it? The wives say if they complain they would be put out into the streets, and so they try to endure it because they can afford no better.

ENTHUSIASTIC DEMOCRATS.

Rousing Overflow Meeting by the Cleve land and Thurman Clob of Tremont.

The large hall of Ittner's Villa, at Tremont, was not half big enough to accommodate the Democratic throng which wanted to get in. side of it last evening.

It was the first great meeting gotten up by the Cleveland and Thurman Club of the Twenty-fourth Ward, and was successful beyond all expectation. An overflow meeting had also been arranged, and those who

could not get into the hall heard good Demo-cratic oratory on the lawn.

The resolutions had the right ring about them, and were passed with enthusiasm. One

them, and were passed with enthusiasm. One of them was as follows:

The policy of the Republican party has ever been to hoodwink the laboring man, to enslave him under the pretense of being his friend; to tread him into the dust, while telling him that he is being benefited; always alarming the toller with bugaboos of free trade starvation when just and beneficial tariff reduction is suggested; continually trying to make it appear that Republican monopolists, who are sucking the life-blood of their unfortunate employees, are showering blessings upon them, and that the toller should thank God for being allowed to toil at starvation wages under Republican and that the toller should thank God for being allowed to toll at starvation wages under Republican administration. They are waging a war on the interests of the people in favor of the few. Their sophistries in repeiling a slight reduction of an over-charged tariff is an insult to American intelligence. Their endeavor to fasten the appellation of free trader on every tariff reformer is ludicious. They are wrangling over the theory while the Democrats are striving to remedy the condition; and

Resolved, That we, the Democrats and Indepen Resolved. That we, the Democrats and Independent citizens of the Twenty-fourth Ward of the city of New York, piedge ourselves to the earnest support of the Democrate flatform, adopted at the convention held at St. Lous, that we use our best endeavors to sustain the tenets it sets forth, and will do our utmost to secure the election of those honest, honorable and learless patriots, Grover Cleveland and Allen G. Thurman.

Among the speakers were Charles W. Dayton, President of the Harlem Democratic Club; James G. Graybill, President of the Democratic State League; Edwin Abbett, of New Jersey; R. C. Pendleton, of Indiana, and Frank Oliver.

M'GLYNN'S TURN NEXT.

His Party to Have a Convention in Cooper Union Sept. 19.

The State Executive Committee of the United Labor party met last night in room 28, Cooper Union. The entire committee were in attendance.

Considerable talk was had relative to the issuance of a call for a State convention. Finally the following call was issued, bear. ing the signatures of Dr. Edward McGlynn, Victor A. Wilder, John McMackin, Hugh Whoriskey and Gaybert Barnes:

Victor A. Wilder, John McMackin, Hugh Whorlskey and Gaybert Barnes:
Pursuant to a resolution of the State Committee of the United Labor party adopted at Albany, April 7, 1888, devolving the duty of calling a State Coavention upon the State Executive Committee, the undersigned hereby call upon the electors of the United Labor party of the State of New York and all other electors who believe:
First—That by the taxation of land, exclusive of improvements, according to its value and not according to its zera, those values which accrue to land from the growth of society should be devoted to common use and benefit.
Second—That the General Government should issue all money without the intervention of banks.
Third—That all agencies which, like the railroad and the telegraph, are in their nature monopolies, should be owned and controlled by the people; and Fourth—That there should be such a reform in our system of voting as shall effectually secure the secrecy of the ballot, prevent bribery and fame counting and relieve candidates for public office from the neavy expenses now imposed on them, to send delegates to a convention to be held at Cooper Union, New York City, at noon of Wednesday, Sept. 19, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Presidential electors and other State officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the convention. The representation shall be one delegate and one alternate delegate from each Assemby district for each 200 votes and fraction thereo, cast in that district in the list election for the band of the United Labor party ticket.

At the convention it is expected that every Assembly District in the State will be represented, and it is probable that a full State ticket will be put in the field.

Senator Reills and His Braves. The Democrats of the Sixth District who are incky enough to be on the Tammany Hall General Committee and Columbian Club have marked down to-morrow as a red-letter day.

The club and committee will embark on a down to-morrow as a red-letter day.

The club and committee will embark on a steamer at the loot of Broome street at 9 a. w. for Dounelly's Boolevard Hotel, College Point, L. I., where they will eat their second amount dinner. Senator Edwart F. Rellly, Chairman of the General Committee of the district, will preside.

In Too Much of a Hurry. William Higgins, of Trenton, a passenger for New York on z fast train on the Pennsylvania

Railroad last night, earelessly walked out on the platform as the train was rounding a curve at Mur-ray street, Elizabeth, and was thrown off the car, sustaining serious injuries to his head and face. He is now at the Elfsabeth Hospital. Warden Osberne's Vacation.

Warden Caborne, of the Tombs, will take a three weeks' vacation at Palenville, in the Catakula. Deputy Finley will be acting Warden in the mean time.

Notre of the Campaign.

The Thirteenth Congressional District section of the New York Free-Trade Clao will hold a public meeting at its rooms, 161 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street to-morrow evening. Its object is to show that the workingman receives no protec-tion from the working of the tariff laws, and ample time and fair treatment is promised to any Repub-lican who wishes to argue to the contrary.

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

PINISH FIGHTS NOT AS INTERESTING AS SUPPOSED.

This Was Well Illustrated by Blanche-Variey Fight and the Haviln-Murphy Love Feast-Soft-Glove Fights Are Much More Entertaining and Scien lific-Sport at Cedarburst on Friday.

That wretchedly managed pretense of a fight between the Marine and Varley, comng right on top of the Havlin and Murphy love feast, may lead to better things. Where is the honest sport-lover who wouldn't prefer to see a good limited number of rounds glove contest, say like the one in Clarendon Hall between Joe Ellingsworth and Jack Fogarty, to a long-drawn affair like the Havlin and Murphy fight, or a slaughtering affair like the La Blanche massacre of this poor foreigner. Varley, whom some one deluded into thinking he could fight. Then the wind-up of the Saturday morning fight! After following the bungling management from New York to Jersey and back again, to get yanked up before a Tombs Police Court Judge. Unless the gamblers' adage about a certain class of individuals having an addiiion every minute is true, patrons of finish next winter will be scarch.

Now, why can't such glove contests as Billy Madden used to give in East Thirteenth street go again? There nover was a riot or anything but the best of behavior on the part of the patrons of Philadelphia Theatre Comique shows, and why can't such en-tertainments be given here? There is four times as much fun, any expert will tell you, seeing a good six to ten round soft-glove conseeing a good six to ten round soft-glove contest as there is looking at the best of these finish fights. What spectators want to see in a boxing contest is spirit and dash. They want a sprint race, not a six-day walking match. With skin-tight gloves puglilists are bound to go slower and battle more cautiously than with four or five-ounce gloves. With soft gloves fighters will sail in at once for a knock-out while they are strong; with hard gloves or bare knuckles they prefer to make a waiting race of it.

It was a track tout, not a uniformed mes-senger, who ran away with a lady's winnings at Monmouth, as spoken of in this column recently. . . .

Bob Hilliard is getting up a tesm of actors to meet a newspaper men's baseball nine for two charities.

Amateur Boxer P. F. Trolan is very willing to meet any 125 to 130 pound amateur with the gloves for a trophy. Where are some of the ambitious light-weights?

The wealth and fashion of the racing world will devote Friday and Monday to the Rockwill devote Friday and Monday to the Rock-away Steeplechase Association's sports at Cedarhurst. There will be six races on Fri-day, the opening day—an open handicap for ponies, three furlongs; a club scramble for three-year-olds and upward, about five-eighths of a mile on the flats; the Village Stakes, an open flat race of six furlongs, for three-year-olds and upward; the Wave Crest Hurdle, in which a number of the best of the jumpers will start; an open steeplechase and a two mile and a half—handicap steeplechase. Monmouth—will rather—interfere with Saturday's sport, so the great Aspinwall Steeple

LAST OF A GREAT NAME.

Gouverneur Morris's Death Ends the Line of an Historical Family.

Gouverneur Morris died yesterday morn ing at the age of seventy-five years, at Bartow, Westchester County. The bearer of one of the oldest and best known names in New York has thus disappeared from our midst. It is a name that is closely connected

midst. It is a name that is closely connected with Westchester County. Morrisania is named after this family, as the first Gouverneur Morris was born there.

Its most famous representatives have been those associated with the early days of the United States. In colonial times the draft of the constitution was submitted to a Morris for final revision. He was a friend of Washington, whose funeral oration he preached. He resembled the father of this country so greatly that he posed for a statue of him.

Gouverneur Morris was interested in rail.

Gouverneur Morris was interested in rail-roads the greater part of his life. Un to Gouverneur Morris was interested by the roads the greater part of his life. Up to within a few years he has been actively engaged in railroad enterprises. At one time he was President of the Vermont Valley Railhe was President of the Vermont Valley Railhe was clear to the end. He road. His mind was clear to the end. He only abandoned his labors at railroading when his strength would no longer allow

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Mistaken Motives. Prom Puck. 1



Pullman Porter-You will please give me cket before retiring, sir. Farmer Oatcake (returning from New York; his frat trip on a steeper)—Give ye my ticket afore re-tirin, ch? Not much, air! I've heerd enough about you fellers. Here, ye can have what money I have left, but I'm hanged if I'll give up my only means of gittin' home!

Paternal Generosity.

(From the Chicago Nests.)
"My young friend," said old Mr. Surplus to
young Mr. Giddiboy, "do you not think that you were rash to ask my daughter to marry you when you are not able to support her?"

"Well," said the young man, craftily, " perhaps I was. I admit my fault and throw myself on your generosity air." I was. I admit my fault and throw myself on your gen-rosity, sit."
"That's right," declared the old gentleman.
"You shall not lose by it, I assure you. There, sar, is a nekel to pay your car-fare home. No thanks, if you please. Good-day, Mr. Giddiboy."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] **Stranger, I heard you say that you had jus eturned from a tour of the State ?" 'Yes, sir." "How is the corn crop?"

"Immeuse."
"How many bushels do you think it will average to the acre?"
"I scarcely understand you. I am a chiropodist, and bushels have nothing to do with my bushess."

Everything in Keeping [From the Atlanta Constitution.] A gentleman of Americus, who, by the way, has a fad or two, was walking downtown the other day with a witty lady, the intimate and guest of his wife, when he began to revile facetiously the gult and carriage of hor sex. "Bven you," said be, "walk with a very mechanical step," "Yoe," she instantly repiled, "I am guing with a crank," THEY BURIED THE HATCHET.

Powderly and Gompers Forgive and Forge Their Little Difference

Before returning to Philadelphia, after testifying before the Ford Investigating Committee yesterday, General Master Work man Powderly was seen by an Evening World reporter who questioned him concerning the trouble in District Assembly 49. Mr. Powderiv smiled as he answered Well, I'll tell you. You New York newspaper men know more about it than I do. 1

am away out of town and you are here on the am away out of town and you are here on the spot."
Shortly afterwards, while Mr. Powderly was still in the room, Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, entered. He and Mr. Powderly have not been very good friends since the Executive Board of the Knights issued a circular some two years ago relative to labor matters, in which it was stated that the Board had never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Gompers when he was sober."

As Mr. Powderly caught sight of Mr.

As Mr. Powderly caught sight of Mr. Gompers he smiled brightly and held out his hand.

Mr. Gompers grasped the extended hand.

and together the two great labor leaders walked away.

During the talk Mr. Gompers said: "I think it came in bad grace from you to say that you never saw me sober, when you knew that it was not true. You nor any other person ever saw me in any other condi-

tion than sober.

"I don't know. But when you came before the Executive Board at the Astor House I wouldn't swear you were sober," mildly said Mr. Powderly.

"I would be willing to swear that I was,"

"Well, now, what am I to do to make it right?" said Mr. Powderly.

The pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands are pair shook hands are pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands are pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands are pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands are pair shook hands and the matter dropped for the pair shook hands are pair sh tropped,

DOWN TO STARVATION WAGES.

Shirt Contractor Stein Fulfile Rie Threat to Reduce His Girls' Pay. Herman Stein, the shirt contractor who ecently went before the Ford Congressional Committee and stated that he had reduced

again if he felt so inclined, has kept his Stein keeps a large shirt factory, and last Saturday he notified the button-hole makers that the rates would be reduced from nine

he wages of his employees and would do so

cents per 100 to 8 cents.

By a hard day's work 2,500 buttonholes can

be made by experts, but it is impossible to keep up to that number, as the shirts are given out by the dozen, and invariably a dozen do not contain a hundred button-holes.

Then again the operators are delayed by not receiving the shirts on time. The duction amounts to about \$1.50 a week.

KNIGHTS GAIN A POINT.

Conductor Ward Steps Out of His Positio

The Brooklyn Knights of Labor have won victory over the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company in the resignation of Conductor J. J. Ward, who was obliged to quit work yes-

President Richardson recently caused the arrest of Starter Dubois and Conductor Ward

on a charge of conspiracy to swindle the company. Dubois was acquitted, although Ward appeared as a witness against him.

Ward's appearance as informer set his associates against him, and he was expelled from the Knights of Labor. He was, however, again appointed a conductor on Mr. Richardson's new line, and the other drivers and conductors brought the matter to the notice of District Assembly 75. notice of District Assembly 75.

It was decided to resort to extreme measures should be not be discharged, and Ward learning of this action resigned.

A BOSS PRINTER'S RASH VOW. He Locks Out His Men and Says He Will

Never Again Employ Union Men. The forty union compositors who were employed in Burgoyne's printing establishment in Centre street have been locked out and non-union men put on in their stead

Burgoyne has published a card guarantee. ing to all non-union printers who enter his employ in the sum of \$100 that he will never again enter into any contract with the union.
The union printers laugh at the offer and say that Burgoyne don't know his own mind, and that if he keeps his word in regard to the \$100 guarantee he will be ruined.

In the Labor Field.

The Krupp Gun Company employs some 15,000 Boston labor organizations are preparing for a The Brothernood of Carpenters and Joiners of Boston has started a labor employment ourean. The United Brass-Workers will hold their annual picnic on Labor Day at Suizer's Harlem River

Park.

The Journeymen Plasterers' Union and the Brown-Stone Cutters' Union have signified their intention of parading on Labor Day. Each union has over two thousand members. The World's printers' chapel is making extensive preparations for the Labor Day demonstration. A drum corps of thirty pieces has been secured, and some two hundred and thirty men will be in

A despatch to the Boston Labor Leader says that of the 326 white cigar-makers in San Francisco fully 12 per cent, are out of employment, and that out of hearly 4,000 Chinese cigar-makers most of The Executive Council of the American Federa-tion of Labor will issue on Sept. I a pamehlet on trades unions, their origin, objects, influence and efficacy. It will also contain a sketch of the na-

tional and international trades unions of America and the history of the American Federation of

A young man home from college, wishing to insuire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: do you see that little lummary? It's bigger than this whole world!" 'No, 'tain't." this whole world." 'No. 'tain's." Sis. 'Yes it is." declared the young gian. 'Then why don't it keep off the "was the triumphant rejoinder. rain ?

In the Nursery.

(From the Chicago Journal.) ' are children called 'little olive plants ?' " Yes, dear."

"And, ma," continued the pest, "when I get old will I turn into 'an old seed' like you said p Mas the other day?"

And "pa," coming in just then and hearing what was said, put the whole nursery through "a

> News Summers. The Volunteer wins the Newport cup.

Plainfield, N. J., is having a Quaker centennial. A tornado visita Marquette, Mich., and does much Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, is on his way to Bismarck. An equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee is ready for Richmond.

Gladatone says the British Government has most injustly treated Parnell. Billy Cole, a noted Nebraska desperado, i lynched by twelve chizena,

Mrs. Ellen Creeden Lynch, of Salem, Mass., octobrates her fruth birthday.

A black enake makes a rumpus at a colored revival meeting at Asbury Park. Isaan Spreckter, of Kansas City, mistakes his wife for a burgiar and kills her. Fifty coal boats are known to have been de stroyed by the storm in the Mississippi River.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

How the Dead Man-Eater Holds His Leves in Fulton Market.

The news that a shark-a real live manater-had been caught by Obadiah Voorhis in Gravesend Bay, just off Coney Island, was not calculated to increase the confidence of those who go salt-water bathing.

Nevertheless, the crowds that have been seen in the water each afternoon since seems to indicate that they were unaware that a member of the family Carcharias glaucus had been caught in a fisherman's net less than three-quarters of a mile distant. The night the shark was taken to Black.

ford's stand in Fulton Market, Fish Dissector Ike Courage started in to improve the man-cater's personal appearance. He turned him on his back and gave the long, thin knife which he held a few gentle taps with a black-smith's hammer, which made a nine-inch in-cision in the tough rubber-like hile.

After finishing the job, lke weighed the monster and found that with his ninety-siz-pound liver, he weighed over four hundred and fifty pounds.

monster and found that with his ninety-six pound liver, he weighed over four hundred and fifty pounds.

There are many different opinions expressed by those who pass the stand as to whether the "animal" is a shark.

"One man who stopped a moment said: "Why, yes, that's a shark. It looks just like the one that I saw jump up the side of a vessel and swallow a little boy."

The next man who came along said: "No, that's no man-eater. Sharks are such cowards that you could crawl in their mouths and they wouldn't bite."

"Ain't he hard?" chirruped a gentle maiden who tried to poke her finger in the monster's head. Another girl of about the same age struck the fish further down the body and remarked that "he was real soft for such a horrid looking thing."

When Bookkeeper Page was asked what use the hide could be put to he said, with a wink: "If we had another one we could hollow them out, and the hides would make a neat fitting pair of shoes for Dick Marsland."

Snow in a New York Street in the Glare of an August Sun.

Passing in front of some of the bridge stores one hot day, when the prespiration was endeavoring to wash the clothes from off one's body, an Evening World man stopped in astonishment at seeing a pile of clean. glistening snow in the street! He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

With too long an experience of the American climate to be surprised at anything in the way of sudden change, a mound of fresh, hard snow in the middle of the blistering street was a new combination and startled him.

He went over and felt of it with his foot to see that it was snow and not rock salt or some chemical that looked like snow. It crunched under his heel with the unmistak-

crunched under his heel with the unmistakable ring of the real article.

A man was putting hams into a cart at the
door of a store, and of him the reporter
asked: "Is that snow?"

"Yes, that's snow," said the man.

"Why, where does it come from?"

"From the pipes in the rooms," and the
man threw his left hand up over his head indicating a sign that would help throw light
on the matter. It read: "Brooklyn Bridge
Freezing and Cold Storage Rooms."

"Come in and I'll show you where the
snow gets," said the man.

The reporter followed him into a very byt
room with many engines. Around one was a

The reporter followed him into a very had room with many engines. Around one was a casing that looked like white enamel, such a covers tinware. It was snow and ice formed by the cooling mixture.

Then a heavy canvas covering to a door way was pushed aside. A deathlike chill smote the reporter. It was like entering the interior of a corpse. The room was bitterly cold. Five degrees above zero is its normal temperature. The pipes in this room were covered with snow. They have to be scraped or else they prevent the pipes from cooling the air

with snow. They have to be scraped or else
they prevent the pipes from cooling the sir
as much as they ought.

The wooden cases around the room were
filled with hams which had been stored these
three months. It is a spleudid scheme for
freezing meats. The reporter has been cold
ever since.

L" Rend Employees Get Two Weeks as Stay on the Surface.

miliarity with the employees of the "L" road at the stations at which they get on and off every day. these faces disappear for a while, if one

Downtown business men get a certain fa-

knows that the men are off on a respite.
"How long a vacation do you have?" asked a reporter of a gateman. "And your pay still goes on?"
"Oh, yes."
This is as it should be.

An Ohio Ex-Governor Who Lives Very Quietly in New York. A quietly-dressed, medium-sized gentleman.

with a pair of thoughtful, searching blue eyes and a mass of wavy black and silver hair, sat in the lobby of the Albemarle Hotel reading a tariff editorial in a morning newspaper. The gentleman was ex-Gov. Bookwalter, of Ohio, who has been living in this city since his return from Europe, several months

ago.

The Governor is an iron manufacturer, tariff reformer and Democrat, and although he has not had much to say publicly as yet concerning politics this campaign, according to Clerk Porker he has a storehouse of facts to Cierk Perker he has a storehouse of facts and figures, not on paper, but in his head, relating to the necessity of tariff reform.

He has not booked himself to do any speaking during the campaign, but it is not at all unlikely that some fine day he will "get his mad up," return to his native State and knock out some of the G O. P. harranguers by his clean-cut arguments.

by his clean-cut arguments.

He has already given out that he is not hunting for an office of any kind, and, although he has spent considerable time is Washington during Cleveland's administration, he has never called upon the President,

tion, he has never called upon the President, giving as his modest reason for not doing so, "Oh. he don't want to be bothered with me, and besides, there is nothing I can tell him that will make him any wiser."

Since the President's tariff message, however, the Governor's admiration for him has increased and he is going to make a special trip for the purpose of shaking the hand of the portly Chief Magistrate.

[From the Chicago News.]

"That is a very fine grove over there," said the farmer to the young preacher from Chicago who was visiting him in August. "Yes," replied the preacher, with astonishm in his tones, "but it is the most singular grove I ever saw at this time of year."

** Wny ?"
** Because it actually was no camp-meeting in it." No Place for Them. (From the Detroit Free Press.)
Cathay seems to be a poor place for bicycling.

The poet says: "Better fifty years in Europe than a cycle in Cathay." Do Not Neglect

That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating pains in the bacs, headache, or similar affections to some powerful disease obtains a firm footbold, and to the contract of the contra

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mans.

covery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take H Sareaparilla, the defender of health, in time to b all bad feelings and restore you to perfect health.